

Postmarked In Long Beach

there in the toy department,
not in the 49er tavern or
at the Olympic Auditorium flipping
bottle tops
at the wrestlers (in a little
less than cosmic situation,
I assure you)
I saw
Gerry Locklin with apollonian
black curls dangling down over
his toad-rim specs,
sparring with Charles Bukowski,
who was really more
concerned with selling Gerry
a sweat shirt with a
4 in. by 6 in. postage stamp
stenciled on the back,
commemorating Mount Olympia,
at Pennys in Lakewood
on the second floor.
Every Tuesday, they can
be seen singing odes and anti-odes
while throwing furtive punches
into the sides of bean-bag-kangaroos
when Miss Klippertongue,
the floor manager isn't looking.
Gerry wasn't about
to part with his Coors T-shirt,
so to prevent an outright brawl
I bought one,
and to my chagrin,
I was
picked up by a drunk postman
the next morning while waiting
for the light to change,
winding up in northern Utah
where the shirt was printed.

-- John Kay

Long Beach, CA

I met this woman

I met this woman
and she said,
you're a real crud,
and she started picking my
blackheads.
she picked those blackheads

everywhere:
in the car, in the market, in
bed, in the park ...
in between we made
love.
I ran out of blackheads before I
ran out of
love.
what are we going to do
now? she asked.
fuck, I said.

then she began pulling hairs out
of my ears and nose and along the eyes
and eyebrows, the back,
with a tweezer. we ran out of
hair.
what are we going to do
now? she asked.
fuck, I said.

I ran out of blackheads and hair
before I ran out of
love. she's packed her clothes and
is moving out
tonight after she sucks the wax
out of my
ears.

a most highly unusual
woman.

the painter

he came up on the porch
with a grinning subnormal type
and they stood there
drunk on wine.
the painter had his coat wrapped around something,
then pulled the coat away --
it was a policeman's helmet
complete with badge.
"gimme 20 bucks for this," he said.
"fuck off, man," I said, "what do I want with a
cop's derby?"
"ten bucks," he said.
"did you kill him?"
"5 bucks"
"what happened to that 6 grand you made
at your art show last month?"
"I drank it. all in the same bar."
"and I never got a beer," I said.
"2 bucks"